

Good Morning 651

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Your Letter said R.S.V.P.— Ron Richards Replies

LEADING TELEGRAPHIST E. H. LEE, of H.M. Submarine Vampire suggests that Good Morning copies a national newspaper by instituting a live letter box. Now which of the national newspapers carries that feature? I do seem to remember seeing it somewhere. Wasn't the "Times," was it?

The idea went down well at the last editorial conference (in the Falcon, of course), but I am against it on account of it would be necessary to have a funny man around the place, and that would completely shatter my mornings. Cracks before lunch are not permitted in this joint, and there is seldom anyone here after they open, so you will probably get my point.

You are right that letters are a pretty hefty item with which to cope. But, believe me, pal, it is one of the gladdest jobs I have. My mail is still rising rapidly, and although it curtails my victualling activities, I enjoy every letter that comes in. The procedure here is for Johnny, the office-boy-cum-chief, to open the letters and place them untidily all over my desk. I read them and reply through the post and usually in the paper also unless the letter is personal or unless you request otherwise. If there are any particular points which might interest any department I send the letter on to them. When they come back my secretary deals with the requests, and then they are filed for reference. Nuff said about letters.

You certainly will see how the old home town looks on Armistice night. Already we have tipped off the correspondents throughout the country that we want pictures and stories from towns and villages showing how the folk at home reflect the glad news.

Of course, when the big party comes we hope a number of you will be within hailing distance of the Falcon so we can all say farewell to Good Morning together. Of course, there will be no celebrations or nooch on account of Lady Astor says it is to be day of solemnity with closed pubs. But you never can tell.

Well, Mr. Lee, I will leave you to your Rinsos tub, and I, too, will get in company with tank.

IN this morning's mail bag is a letter from the captain of H.M. Submarine Tantalus who thanks us for the pin-up.

We ALWAYS write
to you, if you
write first
to "Good Morning,"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1

pictures. Your compliments have been passed on to the photographic department, Sir; needless to say, they are heartily reciprocated.

This particular letter, which is one of many making the same point, comments on the quality and variety of back page pictures, and it struck me that you might be under the impression that all the pictures were taken by staff men. That is not so; in fact, only a small percentage of the back page pictures are taken by the staff, who concentrate more on topical pictures from your homes and home towns.

Of course, when Picture Editor Tommy Grant, a big name in Fleet Street picture circles, by the way, is searching through the library for prospective back page pictures he frequently digs out landscapes and baby pictures taken during the last half century by staff men of the national daily newspaper whose library we use. But mainly he taps outside agencies and commercial photographers for his source of supply.

He tells me that several score of agencies throughout the world regularly send him batches of pictures. In addition to this he is continually on the snoop up and down Fleet Street.

Also, the film companies and chaps like George Greenwell, who is on loan to us, help considerably to keep the files full. And so, from that, I hope you will see that it is usually fairly easy to get you a picture of most any place.

THE information from the captain of H.M. Submarine Venture that "Good Morning" is read from number 10 Pussy is very pleasing. So sorry to hear though, that you have to re-read the paper. I think there are quite a few gash bundles of early numbers in certain stores. Couldn't you get a few of these to help out?

And on the subject of circulation, there is another point. Wouldn't it be a good scheme to file one copy each day so that newcomers would be able to catch up with strips, serials and family stories, etc.?

And apropos of this, I add a footnote—owing to very strict paper rationing, it is almost impossible for us to distribute any extra copies from this office. Sorry about that, but the circulation is in the hands of the Admiralty. We just produce the paper.

MRS. J. R. SMITH, of Lowestoft, writes to thank us for sending a greeting to her husband, now in the East. I quote the letter: "Please thank the reporter for the nice editorial which will convey to my husband in Eastern Waters the happy and contented atmosphere of his family at home. Once again, thanking you, I am yours in appreciation (Mrs.) J. R. Smith."

£3 On Demand Bank has 19 Million Clients

MOST of the £700,000,000 which is to be paid to demobilised Servicemen in post-war credits, leave allowances, and other benefits, will go through the Post Office Savings Bank. Through this bank also will be paid many of the post-war income-tax credits. They will probably result in a flood of deposits such as even the Post Office Savings Bank has never known before. The number of its "clients" is now getting very close to 19,000,000.

This means that one person in three in the United Kingdom has account with the Savings Bank.

That includes new-born babies, and, as a matter of fact, quite a number of these do have accounts, for many parents and god-parents consider that opening an account for the baby with a small deposit is a more "sensible" christening present than a mug or a spoon.

In the case of babies, neither parents nor child can touch the money until the child is seven.

The Post Office Savings Bank is unique in the number of child clients it has. But it is unique in many

other ways. Nowhere else in the world is there a bank with deposits totalling the astonishing figure of £1,500,000,000, and rising by millions a month.

As a comparison, the Bank of England has a total of £8½ millions deposits from the public, and the largest of the "Big Four" banks has deposits of about £650,000,000. The comparison is, of course, very limited, for the Savings Bank deals only with deposit accounts, while the Bank of England and the "Big Four" take current accounts, and do much other business.

But the comparison gives some idea of the astonishing size of the Savings Bank. And this is all being done by the "little man," for while there is now no limit to the total amount that can stand to the credit of one person in the Savings Bank, the limit of £500 which can be deposited in one year obviously prevents it being used by the "big" investor.

The war has brought a tremendous boom to the Post Office Bank. The number of customers has increased by 7,250,000 since September, 1939.

The actual number of new accounts opened must be considerably greater, for this is a nett increase—a considerable number of accounts must have closed through death, withdrawal and other causes. And old customers have been saving very much more in response to the nation's appeal.

The average amount in each account in 1939 was £47. Today it is nearly £80. In this case the war has simply speeded-up a trend that was already taking place. In the previous decade the average amount in each account had increased by £18, a remarkable tribute to the thrift of the "little man" when it is remembered that this period included the depression.

One of the very great advantages of the Savings Bank is, of course, the ease with which withdrawals can be made at any branch.

The biggest of the "Big Four" has well over 1,000 branches for business—a remarkable achievement. But the Savings Bank has now 18,500 branches, including a number opened in camps and warships for the convenience of Servicemen.

Any one of these up to £3 can be obtained "on demand," and any larger sum by telegraph at comparatively short notice.

The only formality is having to show your identity card, an innovation introduced comparatively recently as some safeguard against attempted fraud.

Of course, these numerous branches are equally for deposits, and it would not be easy to guess how much money has been saved because wherever anyone is in Britain, he has not far to go to deposit surplus money that might otherwise have been frittered away.

The tremendous amount of "paper work" that has to be done to keep an exact check on the money can be seen from the figures for withdrawals and deposits.

There are about 29,000,000 withdrawals a year "on demand." This means 58,000,000 entries in the branches alone. The 3,000,000 withdrawals by telegraph and post mean at least another 10,000,000 entries. Deposits during the year number over 60,000,000, and each means at least two entries, apart from headquarter's work.

Taking one thing with another, probably 4,000,000 entries a week are called for.

Only the use of the most scientific and labour-saving accounting methods and machines make it possible to keep pace with this huge amount of work.

The Savings Bank started very quietly 46 years ago. The idea of a national savings bank to encourage thrift in the person who could not use the ordinary banks, which then offered far less facilities to "small customers," was put forward a century ago.

But nothing happened until 1861, when a Huddersfield man named Sykes managed to interest Chancellor of the Exchequer Gladstone and Post Office pioneer, Sir Rowland Hill. There was no great hope that the institution would become popular with the public.

But within five years it had more than proved itself. There were 746,000 accounts, and deposits totalling £8,000,000. Facilities for depositing and withdrawing were offered at 3,500 post offices. The limitations were considerable. All withdrawals had to be by post from headquarters; no customer could deposit more than £30 in any one year, and a total altogether of £150, although with interest this could be allowed to accumulate to £200.

Every year has seen improvements designed to make things easier for the saver. The limits were increased, withdrawal was made simple, and other facilities were offered, such as investing through the Bank in Government stocks, the bank collecting and crediting dividends.

To-day, the Government stocks on the Post Office registers £904,000,000, and are held by 3½ million clients.

A short time before the war it was revealed, in answer to a question in the House of Commons, that there were 900,000 Savings Bank accounts which were "dormant." Nothing had been paid in or out for five years or more.

These "forgotten" accounts are, of course, perfectly good, and although transferred to a special class to simplify book-keeping, could be withdrawn at any time without fuss if the owner turned up.

Perhaps, in case you should get the idea that there are 900,000 unclaimed fortunes, it should be added that the average amount in each of these accounts was stated to be 1s. 11d.

SYD KELLAWAY.

Home Sketch for L/Sto. John Lambert



If you are as good at cycling as you are at sketching, then all we can say is that we wouldn't like to have to race with you, Leading Stoker John Lambert.

When we called at 2b Monneroy Road, Upper Holloway, N.19, your wife showed us some of your sketches, and "Fuse" Wilson was so impressed by your pin-up girl that he immediately sug-

gested to your wife that he borrow it for the general approval of the rest of us in the office.

As you will see by the photograph, your wife is looking after those sketches very well, and they are certainly in good hands.

In case you are worrying about your wife's health, we can assure you that she has never been better. We have

her word for it, and she ought to know!

She recently heard from your mother, saying that she was well, and Stan has written from his Japanese prison camp to say that he is in the best of spirits. Good fella!

Until you are home for good, your wife sends her love, and she is hoping it won't be too long before you're together again.

West Country Gossip

HARD luck, E.R.A. George Gerratty, of Devonport, and Eileen Vance, of North Road, Plymouth, whose wedding was postponed at the last moment.

Eileen, who is 22, was unable to walk for a year following serious injury to her left leg when her home was bombed in the autumn of 1943. Then she got better, and could walk cautiously

about the house. When George came home on leave they fixed the wedding.

But the excitement of five days' hectic preparation proved too much for the courageous bride-to-be, who had made up her mind that she would walk for the first time in public again—from the taxi into the church.

On the morning of the "great day" she collapsed, and the ceremony was declared off—but it will be "on" again when George comes back from his present spell of service overseas.

SEWING FEAT.

MRS. WOOD, wife of Sub-Lieut. Stanley Wood, R.N.V.R., is a dabster with the sewing machine. She made 57 costumes unaided (using 2,000 yards of cotton) for the naval revue, "Pusser's Best," written by her husband, and per-

formed at the R.N. Hospital, Plymouth, the N.A.A.F.I. Club, and various camps.

HONEYMOON.

MR. PERCY COLE, who acts as publicity manager for the Plymouth Corporation, had an unusual request the other day when he received a telegram from an American sailor in London who said he was marrying an English girl in a couple of days and wanted to spend the honeymoon at Plymouth.

He and his bride had written to all the hotels without getting any accommodation. He wondered if the Corporation would help him.

Through Mr. Cole, the Corporation did. When the newlyweds arrived they were conducted to some comfy apartments in one of the city's suburbs.

I HAD entered, in an idle mood, the shop of one of those curio vendors who are called *marchands de bric-à-brac* in that Parisian argot which is so perfectly unintelligible elsewhere in France.

The dealer followed me closely through the tortuous way contrived between the piles of furniture, warding off with his hand the hazardous sweep of my coat-skirts, watching my elbows with the uneasy attention of an antiquarian and a usurer.

It was a singular face, that of the merchant; an immense skull, polished like a knee, and surrounded by a thin aureole of white hair, which brought out the clear salmon tint of his complexion all the more strikingly, lent him a false aspect of patriarchal bonhomie, counteracted, however, by the scintillation of two little yellow eyes which trembled in their orbits like two louis-d'or upon quicksilver. The curve of his nose presented an aquiline silhouette, which suggested the Oriental or Jewish type.

"Will you not buy something from me to-day, sir? Here is a Malay kris, with a blade undulating like a flame. Look at those grooves contrived for the blood to run along, those teeth set backward so as to

THE MUMMY'S FOOT

tear out the entrails in withdrawing the weapon. It is a fine character of ferocious arm, and will look well in your collection."

"No; I have quite enough weapons and instruments of carnage. I want a small figure, something which will suit me as a paper-weight, for I cannot endure those trumpery bronzes which the stationers sell, and which may be found on everybody's desk."

The old gnome foraged among his ancient wares, and

finally arranged before me some antique bronzes, so-called at least; fragments of malachite, little Hindoo or Chinese idols, a kind of poussah-toys in jade-stone, representing the incarnations of Brahma or Vishnu, and wonderfully appropriate to the very undivine office of holding papers and letters in place.

I was hesitating between a porcelain dragon, all constellated with warts, its mouth formidable with bristling tusks and ranges of teeth, and an abominable little Mexican fetish, when I caught sight of a charming foot, which I at first took for a fragment of some antique Venus.

It had those beautiful ruddy and tawny tints that lend to Florentine bronze that warm, living look so much preferable to the gray-green aspect of common bronzes, which might easily be mistaken for statues in a state of putrefaction. Satiny gleams played over its rounded forms, doubtless polished by the amorous kisses of twenty centuries, for it seemed a Corinthian bronze.

"That foot will be my choice," I said to the merchant, who regarded me with an ironical and saturnine air, and held out the object de-

sired that I might examine it more fully.

I was surprised at its lightness. It was not a foot of metal, but in sooth a foot of flesh, an embalmed foot, a mummy's foot. On examining it still more closely the very grain of the skin, and the almost imperceptible lines impressed upon it by the texture of the bandages, became perceptible.

The toes were slender and delicate, and terminated by perfectly formed nails, pure and transparent as agates. The great toe, slightly separated from the rest, afforded a happy contrast, in the antique style, to the position of the other toes, and lent it an aerial lightness—the grace of a bird's foot.

The sole, scarcely streaked by a few almost imperceptible cross lines, afforded evidence that it had never touched the bare ground, and had come in contact with only the finest matting of Nile rushes and the softest carpets of panther skin.

"Ha, ha! You want the foot of the Princess Hermonthis!" exclaimed the merchant, with a strange giggle, fixing his owlish eyes upon me.

"Ha, ha, ha! For a paper-weight! An original idea!—an artistic idea! Old Pharaoh would certainly have been surprised had someone told him that the foot of his adored daughter would be used for a paper-weight."

"How much will you charge me for this mummy fragment?"

"Ah, the highest price I can get for it is a superb piece. I had the match of it you could not have it for less than five hundred francs. The daughter of a Pharaoh! Nothing is more rare."

"How much do you want? In the first place, let me warn you that all my wealth consists of just five louis. I can buy anything that costs five louis, but nothing dearer. You might search my vest pockets and

most secret drawers without finding even one poor five-franc piece more."

"Five louis for the foot of the Princess Hermonthis! That is very little, very little indeed. 'Tis an authentic foot," muttered the merchant, shaking his head, and imparting a peculiar rotary motion to his eyes. "Well, take it, and I will give you the bandages into the bargain," he added, wrapping the

(Continued on Page 3)



"Lady Carstairs—Mildred—will you marry me—just this once?"

QUIZ for today

1. A cep is a worthless fellow, insect, edible fungus, peppercorn, venomous snake?
2. How much does a chaldron of coal weigh?
3. What is the colloquial name for the crane-fly?
4. How old is Jack Hobbs, the cricketer?
5. How many archbishops are there in England and Wales?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Epitome, Precis, Digest, Paraphrase, Synopsis, Conspectus.

Answers to Quiz in No. 650

1. Ground Squirrel.
2. Fleas—F for "flea," and the rest for the bite.
3. Blood, brains, brass, brads (money).
4. Eat it; it is an edible fungus.
5. 45.
6. 104 is not a perfect cube; others are.

They Enjoyed Being Puzzled

JIG-SAW puzzles are to-day having their greatest boom of all time. It started in Britain during the early days of the black-out in the winter of 1939. With the passing of time the craze stretched outside the borders of Britain, and at this moment the United States is swept up in the great middle of a jig-saw puzzle boom.

Two of the most successful producers of jig-saw puzzles in the States are Fred O. Ware and his partner, John Henriques. To them the production of puzzles has been developed to a fine art, and they turn out, in addition to the usual commercial puzzles, special efforts for personalities such as Gary Cooper and the Duke of Windsor.

Since 1931, they have built up a terrific business out of making people enjoy being puzzled. Their efforts, however, are so constructed that purchasers can eventually solve them—and then purchase still more out of sheer enthusiasm!

You're right, they study the psychological outlook in dealing with their ever-growing public.

Their average puzzle is made up of between 500 and 750 pieces, although in the past they completed, at a cost of £70, a 10,000-piece puzzle.

This was for two lonely people who decided they would spend the winter together piecing together this vast puzzle!

A surprising feature of this puzzle boom has been the great enthusiasm shown by elderly people for the compiling of difficult sets. One of the best is a woman of 96. She reckons to complete two a week—good going for a veteran!

So large has the number of "Puzzlers" become in America that a business has grown up that specializes in the loaning of jig-saw puzzles. The most popular puzzle is a 750 piecer. It is believed that this size owes its popularity to the fact that it fits comfortably upon an ordinary card-table.

Customers change puzzles every week just as a book-lover does a library book. Every time a puzzle is returned to the "library" is carefully checked by an experienced clerk and, if one piece is missing, the person who has loaned the set has to pay up for a completely new puzzle. This works out at about £5.

But so careful are the folk who hire puzzles that it is rare that one comes across a set with a piece missing.

John King

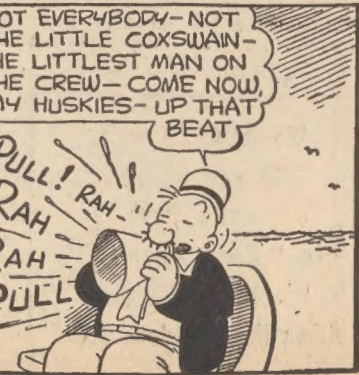
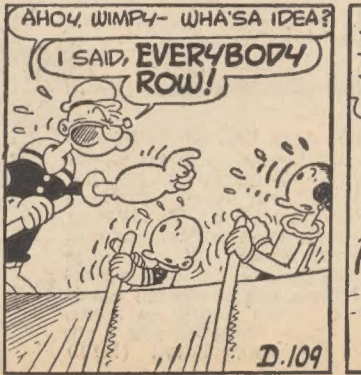
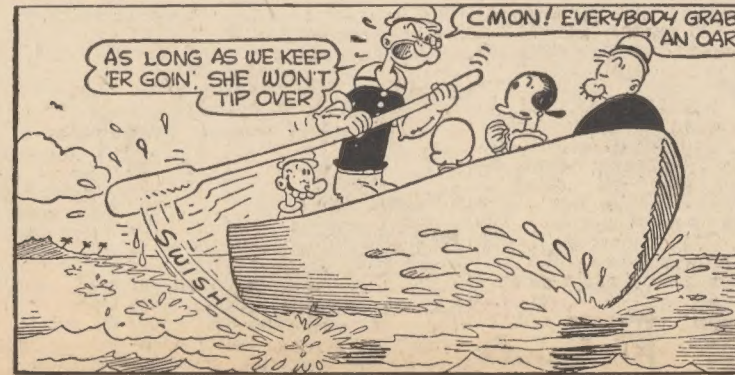
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 590

- 1. Behold a vessel and get another vessel.
- 2. In the following Biblical advice, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? **Kile grosnt eb nem oyu tiqu.**
- 3. What girl's name has L for its exact middle?
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: **Though he bets, I don't think he — for the — very much.**

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 589

- 1. Ground.
- 2. The looker-on sees most of the game.
- 3. Irene.
- 4. Aboard, abroad.

JANE



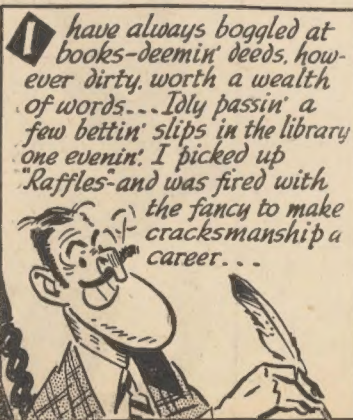
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



The Mummy's Foot

(Continued from Page 2)

foot in an ancient damask rag. "Very fine! Real damask—Indian damask which has never been redyed. It is strong, yet it is soft," he mumbled, stroking the frayed tissue with his fingers, through the trade-acquired habit which moved him to praise even an object of such little value that he himself deemed it only worth the giving away. He poured the gold coins into a sort of mediæval alms-purse hanging at his belt, repeating: "The foot of the Princess Hermonthis to be used for a paper-weight!" Then, turning his phosphorescent eyes upon me, he exclaimed in a voice strident as the crying of a cat which has swallowed a fish-bone: "Old Pharaoh will not be well pleased. He loved his daughter, the dear man!"

"You speak as if you were a contemporary of his. You are old enough, goodness knows! But you do not date back to the Pyramids of Egypt," I answered, laughingly, from the threshold. I went home, delighted with my acquisition. With the idea of putting it to profitable use as soon as possible, I placed the foot of the divine Princess Hermonthis upon a heap of papers scribbled over with verses, in themselves an undecipherable mosaic work of erasures; articles freshly begun; letters forgotten, and posted in the table drawer instead of the letter-box, an error to which absent-minded people are peculiarly liable. The effect was charming, bizarre, and romantic. Well satisfied with this embellishment, I went out with the gravity and pride becoming

one who feels that he has the ineffable advantage over all the passers-by whom he elbows, of possessing a piece of the Princess Hermonthis, daughter of Pharaoh. Happily, I met some friends, whose presence distracted me from my infatuation with this new acquisition. I went to dinner with them, for I could not very well have dined with myself. When I came back from that evening, with my brain slightly confused by a few glasses of wine, a vague whiff of Oriental perfume delicately titillated my olfactory nerves. The heat of the room had warmed the natron, bitumen and myrrh in which the *paraschistes*, who cut open the bodies of the dead, had bathed the corpse of the princess. It was a perfume at once sweet and penetrating. Every article of furniture was in its proper place.

years had not been able to dissipate. The Dream of Egypt was Eternity. Her odours have the solidity of granite and endure as long. I soon drank deeply from the black cup of sleep. For a few hours all remained opaque to me. Oblivion and nothingness inundated me with their sombre waves. Yet light gradually dawned upon the darkness of my mind. Dreams commenced to touch me softly in their silent flight. The eyes of my soul were opened, and I beheld my chamber as it actually was. The odour of the myrrh had augmented in intensity, and I felt a slight headache, which I very naturally attributed to several glasses of champagne that we had drunk to the unknown gods and our future fortunes. I peered through my room with a feeling of expectation which I saw nothing to justify. Every article of furniture was in its proper place.

My eyes accidentally fell upon the desk where I had placed the foot of the Princess Hermonthis. Instead of remaining quiet, as behoved a foot which had been embalmed for four thousand years, it commenced to act in a nervous manner, contracted itself, and leaped over the papers like a startled frog. One would have imagined that it had suddenly been brought into contact with a galvanic battery. I could distinctly hear the dry sound made by its little heel, hard as the hoof of a graceful gazelle. Suddenly I saw the folds of my bed-curtain stir, and heard a bumping sound, like that caused by some person hopping on one foot across the floor. I must confess I became alternately hot and cold, that I felt a strange wind chill my back, and that my suddenly rising hair caused my night-cap to execute a leap of several yards.

READ THE ENDING TO-MORROW



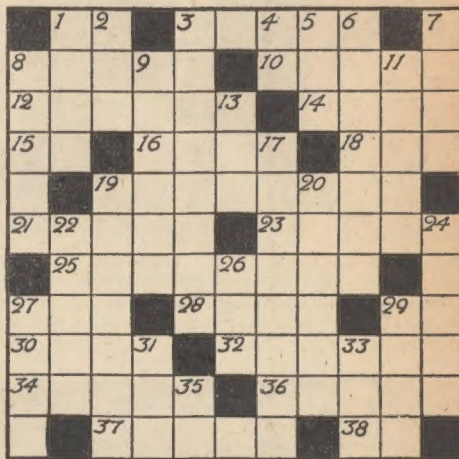
Jack Greenall Says: Ain't Nature Wonderful!

THE CHAMELEON.

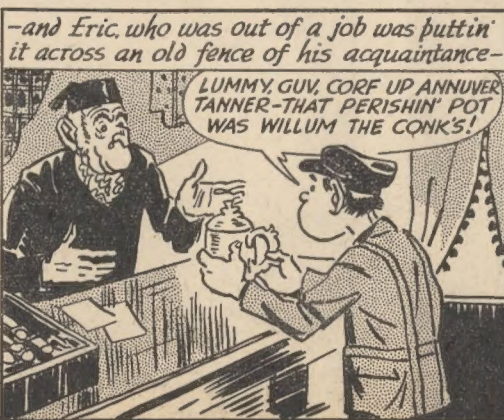
THE Chameleon can change colour and turn his eyes in every direction. What fun and games he gets out of this only a Chameleon knows. He can also look forward with one eye and backward with the other. He could qualify for a good foreman, but, alas, he lacks ambition. What he lives for, nobody knows. He is inclined to be sluggish, as though suffering from a permanent hang-over. The hour-hand of a clock can out-strip him; a fat lot he cares, he's going no place. Lives for months without grub, then gobbles it as though the pace was killing him. In colour the Chameleon is a grey-black, but is he versatile? Watch his smoke. He can change to natty stripes or polka dots, then switch to a brilliant green. The only thing that puts him off his stroke is a tartan plaid.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

CAR CHISELS
ABASH NAVAL
DICTUM WARY
DIAMOND G
FEAT PIEMEN
LUG CRY A
TE TAME TAN
PAMELA SHIN
PRO OPAL MI
ELDER GAP E
RYE EXEMPTS



- CLUES ACROSS.—1 Working rate unit. 3 Slow pace. 8 Loiter. 10 Shrub. 12 Seem. 14 Cream colour. 15 About. 16 Disorder. 18 Away. 19 Belongs. 21 At right angles to ship. 23 Commonplace. 25 Not exclus'v. 27 Curve. 28 Dissentients. 29 Therefore. 30 Ringing sound. 32 Cathedral town. 34 Scatter. 36 Try. 37 Produce. 38 Male title.
- CLUES DOWN.—1 Trust. 2 Ginger-beer. 3 Sedan-bearers. 4 Exclamation. 5 Small. 6 Using few words. 7 Closed. 8 Girl's name. 9 Rye. 11 Re'y on. 13 Decay. 17 Torn. 19 American pig-like animal. 20 Fags. 22 Headgear. 24 Wood. 26 Horse. 27 Recess. 29 Fly high. 31 Rumanian currency. 33 The sergeant. 35 Pronoun.



Good Morning

Pilgrims have always journeyed to Canterbury. In the days when the world was younger they trekked along the Pilgrims' way to worship at the Cathedral shrine. To-day, if we may judge from this tiny strip of street, a new class of thirsty pilgrim descends on Canterbury. Three pubs in ten yards — Whew!



Easter in England, 1945. This last of the war-time Easters found England in a holiday mood. Many went to the seaside — and above you see aircraft workers sampling the half-forgotten joys of donkey rides on the sands at Ramsgate. Many just sat in the sunshine — like this man having a snooze in Lincoln's Inn Fields, London.



"Between ourselves, we're actually waiting for an angel, but as we've noticed that angels are few and far between, we are quite prepared to string along with angelic Jeanne Crain—just until one comes along, you understand."



"Hullo! Here is an angel. Hmm! Well, on second thoughts, we think we'll string along with Jeanne just the same, if you see what we mean."

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"It's not an angel he's looking for."

